

## **Pink Roses by TeaRoses**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/F, Fluff, Short Ficlet

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Maxine "Max" Mayfield

**Relationships:** Eleven/Maxine "Max" Mayfield

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**Summary:**

Max talks to El about the Homecoming dance. Written for the femslashficlets Language of Flowers challenge, for the prompt "rose."

## **Pink Roses**

### **Author's Note:**

According to flowermeaning.com, a light pink rose can symbolize "young love and relationships just beginning to bloom."

Max and El ran through the door into the empty gym, laughing. "I can't believe you threw that sandwich in her face," said El.

"After what she called you? Damn right I threw a sandwich in her face. You should have thrown it yourself with your... you know... powers."

"I don't think I should use them like that," said El, sliding down the wall to sit on the floor.

"You mean for bad things?" asked Max, joining her.

"Throwing that sandwich at Melissa Hargrove was not a bad thing," said El. "But I don't want to people to get suspicious, just because of someone like that." El didn't even hate Melissa Hargrove that much, but she loved how shocked she looked when she found out her 'prey' was fighting back.

"The homecoming dance is soon," said Max.

El looked at her curiously. "I thought you said you weren't going?"

"I'm probably not. But hey, listen, somebody told me Scott Jenkins took two girls last year."

"Wait... how would that work?" asked El.

"The girls had matching dresses, and they went around telling everyone they were a 'menage a trois.'"

"I'm not even sure what that means," El admitted.

"They probably weren't either," replied Max. "But anyway, it made me

think, that I know who I'd like to take the Homecoming dance... but I can't."

"Who?" asked El.

"Maybe I shouldn't say it."

"Is it two people?" asked El.

"Just one person, but... nevermind, I'm not going to tell you."

El gave a small shriek of frustration and punched Max very softly in the arm. "You have to tell me now."

"You," said Max, looking El in the eye.

El laughed, although she wasn't entirely certain Max was joking. "How would that work? Would we wear matching dresses?"

"I don't think there is a dress in the world that would look good on both of us."

El knew she should probably drop the subject but she didn't want to. She edged closer to Max, trying not to think too hard about what she was doing. "Would you bring me a corsage?" she asked.

"Of course! Pink roses."

El edged over another inch. "And would you dance with me?"

"You already know I'm not a great dancer but yeah, sure I would."

"And would you kiss me good night?"

Max's face grew serious and El wondered if she had gone too far. But Max only said "I'd kiss you right now."

El was about to dare her to do it when she realized this wasn't a subject for dares. She leaned forward and kissed Max gently on the lips. "Like that?" she asked. El felt slightly dizzy and her hands were shaking, and she was hoping the kiss hadn't disappointed Max. It certainly hadn't disappointed El.

"Like that," said Max, starting to smile again. "But I can't take you to the Homecoming dance," she said with a sigh.

"We could sit together at the game," said El.

"Sounds good," said Max. "And could I kiss you again after?"

El hesitated, almost afraid to speak. "Yes," she said finally. "That sounds like fun."

**Author's Note:**

The "menage a trois" was something I actually saw three people do at my high school at a dance in the '80s.